

FRISCO FIENDS IN CUSTODY

Man and Boy, Who for Forty Days Terrorized the Coast City, Now Safely Behind Bars.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SERIES OF CRIMES

Younger of the Two Desperadoes Breaks Down and Confesses--Three Murders, Many Brutal Holdups, and Demoralization of Police Force Is Their Record.

San Francisco. — Three separate murders without a shot, a knife thrust or recourse to poison; two brutal assaults that almost resulted in death; a bold midday bank robbery; at least three hold-ups; the demoralization of a metropolitan police force and the absolute terrorism of a city of nearly 400,000—this stands as the 40 days' record of a man and a boy whom the local police describe as the most remarkable brace of criminals they have ever placed under lock and key.

The elder is a Kanaka, of a good family and educated in a select school. His name is John Siemsen, and he is a handsome fellow of muscular aspect but effeminate manner. The younger, Louis Dabner, is only 18 years old.

When Siemsen was nonchalantly confessing his crimes, he was interrupted in his narrative by the captain of the detectives.

Didn't any of your victims resist you, Siemsen? Hadn't you any hesitation in committing these assaults?" The murderer puffed at the cigar he was smoking and removed it with his manacled hands. He seemed annoyed at something the detective had said, and thought a moment before he replied:

"Captain, I wish you wouldn't use that word 'assault.' It has come to have an extremely vulgar significance and I object to it. It would be better to say 'I overpowered them.'"

Dabner Breaks Down.

Dabner's confession was different. He broke down a few days after he was captured and if he had not

was trying on my shoes Siemsen hit Pfitzner, who fell to the floor. I then put on my own shoes and held the door at the same time, while Siemsen went through him. Siemsen got about \$100, which we divided at our house on Union street. We threw Pfitzner's watch in the water at the foot of Fillmore street. This statement is made freely and voluntarily."

Many Suspects Arrested.

But the police did not know all this. They raked in suspect after suspect, but had to let them all go, as each was able to establish an alibi. Then the fiendish crime was repeated.

William Friede, a Market street clothing merchant, was slain under almost exactly similar conditions. He hovered on the border of life for almost two weeks and was able to murmur once: "A large man and a small man," before his spirit flickered out.

Siemsen related this deed as a particularly good piece of craftsmanship. It seems that he and Dabner planned the attempt carefully, and entered the store when there were few people about and the danger of interruption appeared at a minimum. Dabner tried on a coat and vest that he selected, and Siemsen stood by, ostensibly to offer his approval. As the merchant stooped to measure his supposed customer for the trousers Siemsen swung the gas pipe, which he carried wrapped in a piece of paper, and felled his victim with a heavy blow.

Meanwhile an ex-convict was on trial for a crime which Siemsen and Dabner had committed—the highway robbery of Dr. T. B. Leland, former

beat him to the floor with his gas pipe. Horribly mangled, he started to rise when Dabner quieted him with a full-arm swing of his leaden weapon. The two thugs then rifled the tills and the open safe, taking only the coin and currency. They secured about \$2,700, which they stuffed into a leather satchel. Before they had even washed their hands they drove away. Siemsen to take his future wife out for a ride and Dabner to play with the girl's little brothers and sisters.

Sasaki's Mind Left Blank.

Several persons had seen the two robbers come out of the bank and the police were supplied with descriptions on the strength of which they arrested about a score of innocent men. Sasaki fought a winning fight with death, but to the detectives who sat by his bedside he babbled only "two Americans." When he finally regained consciousness, after many days, his mind was wiped bare of the whole tragedy—he remembered everything up to the moment Siemsen entered the bank, but beyond that his brain could not travel.

Siemsen and Dabner proceeded to spend their money, untroubled by remorse, doubts or anticipations. They were both living with the family of a German jeweler, to whose daughter Siemsen was making violent and successful love. Hulda von Hofen, still a mere child, was won by expensive presents of gems, automobile rides and everything that her lover could lavish upon her. Both thugs were well received in the family, where they appeared only as pleasant young chaps, each with a little more money than he quite knew what to do with. Hulda von Hofen at last succumbed to the flattering whispers of Siemsen and they made a short nuptial trip to Oakland.

About four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon Siemsen took his wife to a hairdresser's parlor to get a shampoo and told her he would be back in an hour. Then he met Dabner, who had armed himself with a fish plate from the car track which ran past the Von Hofen home. They proceeded to the jewelry store of Henry A. Bedrend on Steiner street.

The Murderer's Downfall.

This merchant had under his counter a revolver, a police club and a pair of handcuffs. When the two men entered his suspicions were not aroused, and he turned away from them to pull their purchase from a shelf. They struck at him, but the showcase was so high that the blow was broken. Behrend wheeled, snatched his revolver and smashed the glass case to attract attention. Then he closed in on the robbers. Siemsen seized him in a muscular grasp and held his head,



GATHERED SMILES

NOT CONCERNED.

"Sir," asked the pale-faced, side-whiskered man of the heavy-set, chubby-cheeked man who was smoking a long, black cigar and reading a sporting paper, "would you permit your boy to smoke cigarettes when he grows up?"

"That's a question you'll have to decide for yourself," replied the heavy-set man. "I don't know how you would look at it, you see. It's you and your boy for that."

"I did not refer to myself in the question, sir. What I meant to inquire was whether you intended to permit your own boy to smoke."

"I've never given it a minute's thought."

"What! never pondered upon the effect upon the constitution, to say nothing of the morals, of your age to allow him to smoke the deadly things?"

"Never a thought—no, sir."

"And will you allow him to drink?"

"I have never thought about it."

"Oh, can such things be—can such things be? Allowing your child to grow up in the midst of temptation and never speaking a fatherly word to—"

"Look here, colonel! You mean well, I guess, but maybe you'd better let me tell you that I'm a bachelor of 30 years standing since the last girl threw me over, and I haven't any—"

The man of the pale face and side-whiskers was making a dissolving view of himself.—Judge.

TRUE TO NATURE.



Stubb—Scribes has written a moonshine novel. In one chapter the still is discovered by a flash of lightning. Penn—Is it very realistic?

Stubb—I should say so. Even the lightning is jagged.—Chicago Daily News.

Vengeance.

First Clubman—Why did you black-ball Goodman? You don't even know him.

Second Clubman—No, I never spoke to him in my life, but I hate him and his whole family. They live in the flat below us, and they have corned beef and cabbage three days a week.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Senator's Idea.

"Senator, what is your idea of this so-called high finance?"

"That," replied Senator Badger, "is a part of the business that I seldom talk about, but I will say confidentially that I think it's all right. We who serve the people need the highest finance we can get."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

AT A FANCY DRESS BALL.



Miss Brickstone—No, Lord Banglesey, I cannot marry you. I'm so much below you in station.

Lord B.—Oh Woe, don't say that. Why, oh why, wasn't I born lower in life? Now if I'd only been born a shoeblack—oh no, no. No offense, dash it all!—Exit Miss B.—Punch.

Further Away.

Bill—Does your wife go to New York to do her shopping?

Jill—Oh, yes; she thinks she makes her money go further.

"So she does—a few miles further."—Yonkers Statesman.

Business Judgment.

"Are you the proprietor of this store?" asked the young man with the sample case.

"I am," said the druggist. "Is there anything—"

"Have you any clerks besides that young man behind the counter?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can't do business with you. I am introducing a preparation guaranteed to make thin people plump. But you are too skinny here to handle it. Sorry. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

THE HIGH VALUE OF OATS.

Prof. Thomas Shaw Says It Has No Equal as Feed.

No cereal grown on our farms is equal to the oat in general feeding value. This arises, first, from the varied animals to which it may be fed and the various ages at which they like it; second, from its general healthfulness and further from the many combinations in which it may be used.

Oats may be fed satisfactorily and with safety to cattle, sheep, swine and horses at any age. This does not apply equally to other grain grown on the farm. Oats may be splendid feed on which to start young calves, lambs, pigs and colts, when grown, and the hulls sifted out. A little later it is not necessary to sift out the hulls except for young pigs and still later it is unnecessary to grind the oats for calves, lambs or colts. The same is true of ground oats for milk cows and cattle that are being fattened.

The only objection to feeding oats is that of cost. They are not a real good food for fattening swine but are fine for brood sows with young pigs. Oats are very healthy and no one ever heard of them making an animal ill when dried enough to keep safely in bulk.

Oats may be fed in any combination that may be desired. They make a fine food for bringing cattle and sheep up to full feed along with concentrated feeds and other grains such as corn and barley. Even during the later stages of fattening some ground oats along with corn help greatly to keep the animal on feed. It is unfortunate that so valuable a food is not more grown. The oat crop is usually given the poorest land on the principle that it can fight its own way better than other grains. The average yield of oats would be much higher if it were given an even chance with other cereals.

SOFTENING THE FORE HOOF.

Here is a plan for softening the fore hoofs of a horse which has stood too long upon a dry hard floor in the stable, recommended by a correspondent of Prairie Farmer. He has made a small plank trough, three feet long, two feet wide and six inches high, after the manner illustrated in the accompanying sketch. This trough is filled about half full with clay soil and then thoroughly soaked with water.

The horse is so tied from either side that he can just nicely stand his fore feet in this trough, where he may be left for two or three hours a day. This plan is said to be very satisfactory for softening a horse's feet and



Box for Soaking Horse's Hoofs.

will greatly relieve a good horse which has become tender in front.

At first, the correspondent says, a horse may object to standing in the trough, but as soon as he finds that the trough will not hurt him and is actually making his feet feel better the average horse will not make any serious objections to standing in the mud and water.

STOCK NOTES.

Sheep have come to be about the best property in the live stock line.

Lamb or mutton is one of the most wholesome of meats and is most economical for the farmer's use.

If the teeth are bad, feed finely ground meal and the best clover after-math, or early cut clover.

A moderate ration of beets, four to five pounds per head, daily, is conducive to the healthfulness of the flock and improves the quality of the mutton.

The most prolific flock is one where no ewes are kept that are over eight years old, unless there may be some wonderfully prolific ewes and some that are extra good.

Keep the brood sows in separate quarters. Don't allow them to feed with fattening swine nor let them run after cattle. They are likely to become too fat to breed well.

Keep the pigs busy growing; when they are not busy eating, but watch them closely and do not over feed. Miss a meal once a week if they allow feed to lie untouched before them.

Correctives in the way of charcoal ashes and salt should be in every hog pen to ward off disease.

It is hard work to get a horse up into good flesh after it has once run down. Easier to keep up than to get up.

Intelligence of Horses.

The degree of intelligence in horses varies greatly. The higher the intelligence, the more a horse is worth for use on the road or in the field and the more he is worth for breeding. We need to consider intelligence more in the selection of breeders. The higher the intelligence the more easily does the horse adapt himself to the uses for which he is designed. Fortunately the owners of horses have it in their power to increase the intelligence of the equine race through selection in breeding.



SIEMSEN'S WEAPON

sobbed out the terrible story neither, perhaps, might have hanged, for it would have been a difficult matter to have forced an admission of any sort from Siemsen. It was the fear of God and the love of home which loosened Dabner's lips. His father and elder brother came down from the little country town where only a few months before the boy had been a high school pupil. Both pleaded with him to tell the truth. His father worked on all the religious impulses of his son, and evoked the picture of his sorrowing mother. All three wept, and finally the shaken dupe of the elder criminal told the waiting detectives everything.

The first the public heard of the "gas-pipe men," as Siemsen and Dabner have been dubbed from the choice of weapons, was one morning when the papers reported an unusually brutal and mysterious murder. Johan Pfitzner, a shoe merchant on McAllister street, was found in his shop with the side of his head battered in. Despite his awful injuries he lingered over a day and night, but died before he could give the police any clue on which to work. He had evidently been sitting a pair of shoes to a customer when he was struck down from above "by some blunt instrument."

In his signed confession Dabner has this to say of his first murder:

"On the day of the Pfitzner murder Jack Siemsen and I looked in the showcase of the store and went down the street and then came back in the store. Siemsen tried on a pair of shoes the first time, but complained they were too dear, and we walked out. We walked around the block and came back. We went in the store and then I tried on a pair. When he

coroner of the city and county. This man's name was James Dowdall, and the police arrested him in a refugee camp, apparently for no other reason than that he had a bad record. He protested his innocence, but the detectives dragged him through the preliminary examination, where Dr. Leland positively identified him as one of his assailants.

Tragedy at Japanese Bank.

But while the trial of Dowdall was in progress the two felons for whom he suffered, one of them an ex-convict like himself, were busily planning their boldest venture. This was the robbery of the Kimmon Ginko, or Japanese bank.

The day before the robbery Siemsen drove up in a buggy which he had purchased with the proceeds of his other robberies. He entered and interviewed the manager, M. Munakata, declaring that he intended to become a depositor. At first Munakata was suspicious, but by the time Siemsen had left, the well-dressed, smooth-spoken stranger had allayed all doubts, to say nothing of having obtained an excellent idea of the arrangement of the bank.

The following day Siemsen and Dabner, each armed with a paper-covered gas pipe, waited outside until all save one of the clerks, A. Sasaki, had gone to luncheon. Then they went in.

Siemsen nodded to the clerk at the counter and with Dabner strode back to the manager's office. They found Munakata writing, and before he could greet them Siemsen struck him a blow over the skull which killed him instantly. Then, according to arrangement, they called Sasaki to the rear. As soon as the plucky little Japanese saw his employer lying in a pool of blood he started to fight, but Siemsen

while Dabner rained blows upon it with the fish-plate. One of these blows, nervously aimed, cut open Siemsen's finger. But the jeweler fought like a wildcat, and before he could be disposed of his little daughter, Bessie, rushed into the store from the rear, followed by her mother. Siemsen and Dabner darted from the place.

Siemsen got away, but Dabner was knocked down and captured by Will Brown, a fireman. A frenzied crowd surrounded captor and captive, a rope was produced, and the boy fiend would surely have been lynched but for the opportune arrival of a squad of police, who were scarcely able to fight their way to the station with their prisoner.

In the meantime Siemsen had called for his wife and taken her home. Learning of Dabner's capture, with marvelous effrontery he decided to visit police headquarters and spread the trail for his own escape. There he told a story of being held up and robbed of \$900 in greenbacks. He showed the detectives \$75 which he had taken from the jeweler's cash box, and declared it was all the footpads had missed.

He overplayed the part, however, giving his true address and placing the scene of the hold-up Behrend's store. That night he was arrested at his home.

Dabner weeps wildly and bitterly, cursing the day he ever met the clever, cruel but at present sympathetic Kanaka. Siemsen continues to smoke, smile and draw little pictures. The chief of police has given orders that when either is shaved he shall be bound hand and foot in the chair, for fear he may get possession of the razor and slash a way to liberty.